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average of once in six or eight weeks, to see what books are needed and to suggest to the custodian interesting and usable books that might circulate more. Some of the stations are too inaccessible to be visited often, but all are visited twice a year.

When the visits are made now, it is found that everybody except the newcomers knows about the library privileges. The library visitors are cordially welcomed as old friends.

The work of bringing the library's resources to the rural population in Multnomah county has been done not by printed advertisement in newspapers, nor by

the making of formal addresses, but by going out into the highways and greeting the people along the roads, learning their names, listening to their reports of crops and stock, and telling in friendly fashion of the books the library is so glad to supply. This feeling of acquaintance leads the people to write to the librarian or come fearlessly to her office at any time to consult about books.

Both the librarian and the superintendent of branches are enthusiastic members of the grange, and by frequent attendance at the meetings and participation in the social part of these occasions, they cement the feeling of interest in "our library."

## TEN THOUSAND MILES OF A. L. A. TRAVEL

### The Going Trip

"It's a long, long way to California,  
In the warm days of May,  
But it's worth all it costs to go there  
Just to see the A. L. A.

Mr. Wellman is our leader,  
When he calls us we'll be there—  
But when we get to San Francisco  
We're going to—THE FAIR!"

As soon as the American Library Association voted to hold its 1915 Conference at Berkeley, California, plans were formulated for a railroad trip across the continent. During the winter months details were worked out, features added, side trips changed, in an endeavor to provide, in this, the fourth trans-continental journey of the A. L. A., the best trip with the least discomfort at a reasonable cost.

When at last the long awaited 24th of May arrived the Easternmost contingent, thirteen travelers, with yellow tagged baggage, started from Boston, on the Fall River boat-train, and the next day were joined by some sixty New Yorkers under Mr. Brown's parental care. All were soon comfortably settled in four special steel Pullmans on a Pennsylvania express, and after a pleasant journey through the mountains and a good night's sleep, reached Chi-

cago, after breakfast May 26, where at the fine new Northwestern station a social hour was in order. Over forty "Middle Westers," guided by Mr. Phelan, here joined us, and many Chicago librarians were down to see us off. Two more sleepers were added to the train, and with observation car, two diners and baggage-car we pulled out as the "A. L. A. Special."

Then came surprise number one; the part of the trip where hot weather seemed sure,—across the farms of Iowa, and the prairies of Nebraska and Colorado—proved so cool and rainy that steam heat was really comfortable on the cars.

Of course we stopped now and then and added a librarian to our company; got a couple of good ones somewhere in Iowa in the dark, and others fully as desirable late at night in Nebraska.

The process of getting acquainted was proceeding rapidly now, as each member wore a little disk of white bearing his name, a plan which seemed an improvement over the numbered buttons.

On May 27 Denver was reached about 2 p. m. and sightseeing automobiles were in waiting. The weather was delightfully clear after the morning rain. Some saw the city, the parks and zoo, in the "being-

seen-by-Denver" auto-cars, others made Lookout Mountain their objective point and returned with exuberant accounts of snowy mountains, and cañons deep and gloomy. Shopping was enjoyed by all, and many an unsuspecting postcard, and fire-agate ring was annexed to the party. During dinner at Hotel Savoy, Mr. Charles R. Dudley, lovingly known to the old guard as "Dud," graced our company with his presence, and his genial countenance added to our pleasure at being again in the beautiful city where he and Mr. Dana had, in 1895, entertained us so well.

In the evening Librarian Hadley provided enjoyment in plenty in the fine library building. A most entertaining talk by the naturalist, Enos A. Mills, on the National Parks, was followed by music, refreshments, and opportunity for dancing until it was time to retire to and on the special train at the Union Depot.

May 28, we were up early in order to miss no part of the wonderful Rocky Mountain scenery. From Pike's snowy Peak at breakfast to the beautiful cañon of the Eagle River at sundown the day was one of impressive views. The Royal Gorge seen from the top-less observation car was traversed about noon, its sheer sides rising over two thousand feet in pinnacles and crags, almost over the track. We admired the rushing, foaming Arkansas River which seemed to dispute with the railroad for passage. We marvelled constantly at the engineering skill which had carried a railway successfully through such an apparently impassable mountain region as the Denver and Rio Grande line traverses for five hundred miles. After the Gorge came glimpses of Mt. Massive, and other snow capped peaks, then the Collegiate Range—Harvard, Yale and Princeton,—and the more distant Sangre de Cristo Mountains, their snowy summits tinged with red by the setting sun.

Soon after we had seen the smoke from the Leadville smelters rising over a nearby slope we were at Tennessee Pass, over ten thousand feet above sea level,—the Continental Divide. It was passed, with

almost no discomfort to any member of the party—another evidence, if any was needed, of what a splendid party we had. Then, coasting down into the dusk, we had that, to the writer, most beautiful view of all the day,—the green broad valley far below on the right, the serrated peaks looming high on the opposite side and all about, those Colorado evergreen trees, growing like so many exclamation points on the mountain slope, where the train winds its way downward, clinging to its little rocky shelf.

Glenwood Springs had been chosen as the point for the mid-continental rest, a chance to gain strength and make up sleep by a day and night "on shore." Hotel Colorado, where we had a late but excellent dinner May 28, and a long restful day the 29th, convinced all of the wisdom of the plan. Everyone had the best room in the house, and the proprietor was generously intent on making us all want to come again.

The ride up the Grand River Cañon in the morning showed Colorado scenery at its best, dozens of new wild flowers to collect along the roadside, water falls, cañons, crags, and the rushing river. We passed a canvas topped emigrant wagon equipped with storage room for furniture, with beds and stove ready for family needs *en route*. The woman, when we inquired their destination said: "We haven't decided yet where we will locate." Road gangs,—convicts on parole,—were at work, and we were impressed by the absence of prison garb or restraint of any sort.

After lunch, and our moving-picture group by Pathé Frères, some of us tried the hot sulphur spring swimming pool, and great was our enjoyment of this novel treat—but oh! Wasn't the bottom of the pool slippery, and how heavy our bathing suits seemed as we emerged from the dense water. After an early supper, refreshed and with new life, we found our train and were soon speeding West. That evening a party of young people paraded through the train about bed-time singing the Tipperary tune to the words at the

head of this narrative, serenading the president. Thenceforth our Chorus was frequently in evidence, new songs being composed to fit each occasion.

Sunday morning Salt Lake City greeted us, and after breakfast at Hotel Utah, private automobiles, provided through the courtesy of Miss Esther Nelson of the Utah University Library and Miss Johanna Sprague of the Public library, took the whole library party all about the city, and out through the old Mormon trail to the high boulevard drive lately completed. Here was spread out before us the view of the city and its surrounding ranges of mountains. No more beautiful spot can be imagined than was here chosen by the first settlers.

On our return to town, an organ recital at the Mormon Tabernacle, arranged especially for us, by Organist McLellan, was thoroughly enjoyed, and just before noon our special train started South with Miss Nelson added to our party for the rest of the trip.

The Great Salt Lake was now out of sight and for the next twenty-four hours we had a desert journey from Utah, through Nevada to California—such an interesting desert with its hills and valleys and prairies of Yucca palm and cactus.

The party had by this time become thoroughly at home on its train, and groups were to be found visiting friends in the various cars, or discussing the topics of the day in the observation car, which had a nice little parlor, as well as several card rooms, a barber-chair and a buffet. We had a printed list of members, but that, though useful, didn't describe the company. Let us try to call to mind a few. First there was the genial Eastern editor—and his ever-helpful charming wife. Their drawing room latch-string was always out, though he was rather more likely than not to be found deep in literary work. In car E105 sits the breezy western editor, and there the young ladies desirous of bettering their library positions held confidential conferences. Cheerful Charlie was ever

present, going up and down the train giving "lowers" to "uppers," and handing out compartments when apparently none were available.

The New England sextette—or was it really a quintette—always together off or on the train. They showed the Western unbelievers that New Englanders were human after all, and rather good company too, though so exclusive. How to behave when you have lost all your money was delightfully demonstrated by one Easterner, aided by a good sister.

All will remember the candy-man, who so thoughtfully provided sweets for the ladies all the way, even into Canada on the return.

There were three pleasant ladies who always had a timely question every time a member of the Travel Committee went by. We enjoyed them, for the queries were usually easy.

Remember that good soul who knew her ticket had been stolen,—forgetful that she had loaned it to the conductor the day before, and held his receipt? The optimist was with us, who was sure it would soon clear, and be beautifully cool. But why continue—only to say there wasn't a kicker among them all.

On May 31, just before noon, with the first really warm weather of the trip, the desert suddenly changed to orange groves as we approached San Bernardino, California. Then a few miles beyond our train stopped at Riverside, where Mr. Daniels, waving a banner, greeted us, bedecked us with orange Riverside badges, and by the aid of a fleet of private automobiles, conveyed us in a moment to the Glenwood Mission Inn. Here in the inner courtyard, amid tropical surroundings, and with Spanish music, an orange luncheon was served. The quick transformation from desert to such fertility, and the foreign touch given by architecture, decorations and music, made this luncheon in the open southern California air so wonderfully attractive that the impression created upon all, especially those new to California, will never fade. It typified California's welcome to

the American Library Association. After lunch, a group picture, then an auto trip to the top of Mt. Roubidoux, and it was necessary to take our train again for the short journey to the Coast, where, at Los Angeles that evening, Mr. Perry of the Public library had arranged for special cars, a fine dinner at Hotel Alexandria, and an hour's inspection of his library.

Our stay here in Los Angeles was made the more pleasant by the presence of Miss Helen E. Haines, formerly prominent in American Library Association councils, who was looking so well and hearty that we hardly knew her, and all her old friends were rejoiced in her greatly improved health.

Again we are at home on our train for the long evening run to San Diego, and so heavy was our train equipment that the Santa Fé quite misjudged the time required, and it was after midnight when the U. S. Grant Hotel received us. Two nights in the same stationary bed was indeed a treat, when such a hotel as the U. S. Grant was our resting place. Two days in one place seemed quite a novelty also, and every moment was filled with sight-seeing. Mrs. Davison of the Public library had planned, with the local library club, a right royal reception for us June 1 in the California building at the Panama-California Exposition. This was followed by a talk by Dr. Hewett, director of the American School of Archaeology, on the archaeological history of the Southwest, after which he conducted the party through the buildings. The horticultural features, so prominent and pleasing a part of this exposition, were shown by Miss Sessions, and a delightful buffet lunch was provided for us in the *patio* of the Southern California counties building. Spanish architecture, with Spanish mandolins, and Spanish singing and dancing, added to the charm of this delightful repast, and all compared it with that other California luncheon of the previous day at Riverside.

The Fair was much enjoyed, its restful compactness, its glorious gardens, and those cute little chairs for two, which, by

the aid of a storage battery, allowed such deliberate sight-seeing, with no exertion except to one's pocketbook. But the Fair was only one feature. Old Mexico's border line was within an easy ride and several ventured over. Coronado Beach, world-famous resort, was visited by many. A pilgrimage to Point Loma, of theosophical fame, was enjoyed by a large party. Some launched around the bay, or motored to Ramona's house at Oldtown. In the evening after a jolly cafeteria supper, where even our president had to wait in line with his tray, we visited the "Isthmus" shows,—one staid New Englander going so far as to bet on a toy horse race, winning a box of chocolates, which she, to square her conscience, distributed to the losers.

June 2, at one o'clock, we were gathered at our special, and when finally engines were secured, the start was made on the last stretch of the pre-conference journey.

Several of our San Diego library friends joined us and passing through Los Angeles we picked up other delegates, among them the Grand Canyon party, who had left us in Denver, seemingly weeks ago. With one hundred fifty on our train, we dined from two Southern Pacific diners, and many considered this the best train meal of the trip—especially the cherry pie—a local dish which recurred constantly from here on but which the "third sitters" usually found exhausted. The plan followed throughout the trip of assigning sittings at the first, second or third table, was an innovation which worked even better than the committee had hoped. It gave nearly everyone his choice of meal hour and avoided the usual "standing in the alley" awaiting seats.

Owing to a blocked tunnel on the Valley route, we were sent over the Coast line, and instead of reaching Berkeley for breakfast, we had an *a la carte* meal on the train and it was nearly one o'clock when we bade farewell to our homelike Pullmans at University Avenue station.

Now for a brief six days the Travel Committee's responsibility ended and another shall chronicle the conference period.

Here each of the three members of the committee received a substantial token of appreciation from the members of the party—a Gladstone bag to one, a fine umbrella to another, a toilet case to the third. It was a pleasant surprise, and the committee appreciated the attention, as it showed their efforts had given general satisfaction. Yet, with such an exceptionally good party of travelers and such a happy family the conductors' task was but a pleasure. The committee would here express their heartfelt thanks for all the many courtesies and kind words received.

### The Returning Trip

On June 9, after an interesting conference and a glorious though all too fleeting glimpse of the great Panama-Pacific Exposition, and San Francisco, the time for starting homeward was at hand. All had enjoyed the week and appreciated the hospitality of the local committees.

At 8 p. m. nearly an even hundred gathered at the Oakland ferry station to resume their travels. Many of our friends of the Western journey were to return independently, but a goodly number came to the station to bid us *bon voyage*, and several, when they saw the familiar crowd and the special cars, were homesick that they, too, were not to be of our merry party. The glee club gave several of its songs and all joined in the choruses during the half hour before our special started. Truth compels us here to add that two of our men (and men were so scarce) missed the train, but joined us safely two days later.

June 10 was Shasta day, the big white mountain being visible for hours from the car windows. A short stop at Shasta Springs gave all a view of the pretty waterfall, and afforded an opportunity to try the spring water—very like Apollinaris in taste. Today again, we had canyons and rushing rivers, and forests as of yore, but we missed the observation car, which no pleading of the committee had succeeded in obtaining. Like the restaurateur who would not give bread with one fishball, the

Southern Pacific would not add an observation car for less than the one hundred and twenty-five fares agreed upon by all the United States lines.

Didn't it seem good to have coupons for meals again, after having to spend so much "real" money to eat during those six days off the train! Wasn't it like old times again to "visit" in the cars? There were many missing, it is true, but several newcomers were aboard. A new and diminished edition of the party names was distributed. The "goggle girls" were again to be seen, with their colored caps and smiling faces. The man with the apple orchard and niece was now with us, telling of the one and introducing the other. He who lost his suit cases at Berkeley, having removed the American Library Association tags in order to get regular hotel rates, was cheerful under adversity. Now that there was no observation car, it was more nearly possible to give satisfaction to the lady who must be next the Observation and Diner.

The originator of the "Sleeper for men only" was still with us, and like all great inventors, he had been imitated, for there was a sign on one car, "Ladies only." It must be recorded, however, that when the conductor, reading the sign, threatened to put out every man found visiting in that car, a strong protest in feminine voices was heard.

Ashland was our first stop in Oregon, and here baskets of brilliant Oregon roses were brought aboard and distributed with the compliments of the ladies of the place.

On the morning of June 11, the party arrived for breakfast at Isomville, known to the outside world as Portland. Miss Isom of the Public library had provided private autos for a ride to the Heights, and also had so planned the Rose Festival that we enjoyed the final day, with its parade, its gala decorations, and, in the evening, the beautiful electric parade. Nor shall we soon forget the afternoon reception she gave for us at her new and splendidly designed library building. The system of guiding us over the building from

the engine room to the top of the stack was a triumph, and showed the planning of a master mind.

At 11:30 we retired aboard our train, and awoke very early next morning at Tacoma, Washington, where, with *Kaiserliche* thoroughness, the librarian had planned a drive, not into the enemies' country, but to the base of that kingly Mt. Tacoma, and the Mt. Rainier National Park.

After an early breakfast at Tacoma Hotel, over seventy of the party started on the one hundred and fifty mile trip, by auto, to the mountain. The almost perfect roads, the primeval forests of enormous trees,—some of them three hundred feet in height and nearly ten feet in diameter,—the gorges and jutting ridges, the pleasant luncheon at National Park Inn, the home-cooked and unique chicken dinner at 8 p. m. at Chicken Dinner Inn, where the chorus again sang its songs, and last, but not least, the visit after lunch to Nisqually Glacier, with opportunity for all to stand upon its snout; all these and other joys make this day stand out as perhaps the best one-day trip of the whole journey—even though the mountain failed to show its hoary head, and in spite of the efforts of the "Bluebird" auto to mar the pleasure. Here Mr. Phelan, of the Travel Committee, left the party for home, planning to make sure of our arrangements at coming stops.

From Tacoma to Seattle most of the party chose the Puget Sound steamer for a quiet Sunday morning trip,—(quiet except while the lady thought the porter had forgotten to put aboard her little wicker basket)—and by noon our whole company, numbering now but eighty-two, was settled at Hotel Washington.

Four big cars took us for a delightful three-hour ride Sunday afternoon, and we saw, by the courtesy of Librarian Jennings, our host, four of his branch libraries, which were very attractive; much of the suburbs of Seattle, surrounding its three lakes; and the University, which now uses many of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Fair buildings for its purposes. Finally, to com-

plete our enjoyment, Mt. Tacoma (in Seattle called Mt. Rainier) appeared, a faint pink pyramid, seemingly floating just above the horizon—and we knew what we had visited and missed the day before!

Monday, June 14, was Puget Sound day, a restful all-day steamer trip to Vancouver, with two hours after lunch, at Victoria, where Mr. Scholefield met us at the dock and motored us all over his beautiful city, and through its parks, finally ending at his new Provincial library, just finished, but as yet without books. Here our host bade us welcome, and provided such delicious home-made candies, and tasty delicacies we forgot we had but recently had a substantial meal on board the steamer. Even a traveling brewer found the refreshments O. K. until, being asked what library he represented, he beat a hasty retreat, mumbling something about his mistake.

After dinner that evening, the "Princess Victoria" docked at Vancouver, and a happy, rested party was conveyed by autos to the new palatial Vancouver Hotel for the night. Here Mr. Douglas of the Public library met us and told his plans for our morning. He wanted to show us so much it was necessary to cut out over half the trip suggested, but we did enjoy to the full our delightful ride, first through Stanley Park, with its big trees, and fine views of bay and ocean, then to Shaughnessey Heights, one of the best residence sections of Vancouver, and finally back by the Marine Drive to the Carnegie library, where Mr. Douglas and his daughter, both of whom had accompanied us on the ride and explained the points of interest, received us in the librarian's office and spread out before us the book treasures of the library, which Mr. Douglas has gathered during the years he has been librarian.

As we were leaving Vancouver, on the afternoon of June 15, it seemed as if this city was the most attractive we had visited—an impression we remembered having voiced regarding each city along our journey after we had been shown its at-

tractions. Our versatile glee club celebrated this visit by a new song.

## VANCOUVER

Yip Vancouver, B. C., B. C.!  
Yip Vancouver, B. C.!  
I don't care what becomes of me  
As long as I stay in this pleasant cit-ee!  
Sing of joy, sing of bliss,  
Home was never like this!  
Yip, Vancouver, B. C.!

The Canadian Pacific Railway had provided a special train, and also an observation car, even though we had but eighty-two in our party. This last attention was thoroughly appreciated by all, even though that irrepressible young librarian sat out there and persistently told of the wonderful Itchy-Witchy and its Itchy-Witchy ways. Another surprise was the a la carte dining service, where our coupons were good for one dollar, and if we were frugal it was possible to get quite a little silver back in change,—'twas like finding money, —but the meals were so good few saved anything more than a tip for the waiter, and even that went by the board when cherry pie appeared on the menu.—What beautiful scenery did the A. L. A. party at dinner remind one of? Why, the Royal Gorge, of course!

The views from the train became more and more grand as we ascended the valley of the Fraser River, at times threading narrow winding canyons, very wild and beautiful. We passed strange stations—who could have named them—Spuzzum, Statsum, Walhachin, Kamloops, Ducks, Shuswap. The railway then enters a green and fertile ranching country. As dusk approached (and in June all through this northwest country the twilight lasts well up to nine o'clock) our party was in an unusually expectant mood for there had been posted on the observation car bulletin an announcement extraordinary—"Vaudeville show in dining car at 8:30." This unique entertainment, gotten up without previous planning, proved a howling (no reflection on the chorus) success. Several of the dining car waiters took part giving English coster dialect songs,

and Scotch dialect recitations, but the program, of which we give excerpts below, will serve to show a little of the versatility of library parties.

## THE MERRY MIDNIGHT MINSTRELS

Managers—Bill Spaulding De Rue, Bob Hughes De Rue.

Ushers—Eddie Redstone, Georgie Godard.

The Floradora Sextette Girls.

Mamie Burnham, famous in Irish and Russian dances.

(Algernon S. Prize beer-fed baby of Canada.)

(Reginald S. Prize milk-fed baby of U. S. A.)

Competing for first beauty prize.

Fannie Myers, nurse.

Indian War Dance, by the chief of the Library Indians.

The Lovett Sisters, Lil and Lou.

Francesca de M. Spanish Dancer.

Bill S. Champion Heavy Weight in his great standin' aroun' act.

Solos, duets, quartettes and choruses by members of the troupe.

Here is a sample song.

## HOMEWARD BOUND

(Tune: John Brown's Body.)

We've been to California and we've been to see the Fair,

We've seen the roaring rivers and we've breathed the mountain air.

We've seen the Western cities and we've sailed on Puget Sound,

And now we're homeward bound.

Chorus: Three long cheers for our journey. (3 times.)

For now we're homeward bound.

A "Bluebird" took a flight one day, way up

a mountain road,

A jolly crowd went with her, and it made a gorgeous load.

But on the homeward journey, when their hearts were all on fire,

The Bluebird did RETIRE.

Chorus: BANG went the tire on the Bluebird

As she came flying home.

Some girls went on a walking trip with Brown as chaperon,

They saw a camp up in the woods and wanted it for home.

"Nay, nay," said Brown, "We'd best go back, for duty's calling me

Away from Nisqually."



Chorus: "Nay," said Brown, "We'd best  
be going"  
Away from Nisqually.

The whole affair created much merri-  
ment, and the "troupe" played to a full  
house, the chefs and waiters in the rear  
being as much interested as our own  
people. Mr. Forrest Spaulding was the  
chief promoter and actor and had able  
assistants, especially in the costume de-  
partment.

June 16 it rained, and the Selkirks hid  
their heads. At Glacier House we saw  
not a sign of Mt. Sir Donald or any of  
his companions, and were glad we had  
not planned a day stop here, as was at  
first contemplated. Toward afternoon,  
near Field, the clouds broke away and we  
caught entrancing glimpses of snowfields,  
and white peaks, and had beautiful vistas  
up and down the valley of the Kicking  
Horse River. Just after passing the Con-  
tinental Divide the train stopped at Lag-  
gan, where the little tram-line starts for  
Chateau Lake Louise, three miles away,  
where we spent three nights and two  
days. It proved a most charming spot,  
and a hotel such as one would like to  
live in for weeks instead of days; but the  
clouds had again closed in and we saw  
no mountains that evening.

The next morning the outlook was very  
moist though at 11 a. m. the clouds broke  
away and for two hours we caught  
glimpses of mountains among the clouds,  
but our views were soon quenched by  
cloudy rain. Many intrepid mountaineers  
took walks, pony rides and drives to points  
of interest, hoping it would again clear.  
All returned wet but happy and with never  
one word of complaint. A snowstorm en-  
livened things in the afternoon, a dance in  
the evening. We were lulled to sleep by  
the patter of raindrops outside our win-  
dows.

#### MORRAINE LAKE

There is a drive at Lake Louise, Lake  
Louise,  
The dampest known between the seas,  
'tween the seas,  
'Twas there we saw a June snowstorm

And the mist-shrouded mountains form.  
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,  
Full of mud and water leave thee,  
With a rivulet a-running  
Down my neck and back;  
Adieu, adieu, dear drive, adieu, adieu,  
adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you, stay with  
you,  
So I'll hang my clothes before the roaring  
grate  
And on thy glories meditate.

Next morning, after breakfast, the sun  
burned through the mists, and the snow  
peaks and glaciers appeared. Everyone  
went forth to enjoy these Canadian Alps.  
The wonderful color—a turquoise green—  
of Lake Louise was remarked by all. Many  
went on pony-back to Lake Agnes, where  
the ground and trees were white with  
recent snow, and where the delightful  
English lady in charge of the tea house,  
told us what a "perfectly ripping day it  
was after the beastly weather of yester-  
day." Drives to Moraine Lake (which  
yesterday's water-soaked party re-chris-  
tened More Rain Lake), tramps to the  
glacier, and Paradise Valley filled the day,  
though the clouds again shut down to-  
wards night.

A surprise was sprung on the Travel  
Committee that evening, when at seven  
o'clock all gathered in the special dining  
room to find it decorated with flags and  
Iceland poppies. Flag-draped chairs were  
placed for the Committee, on either side  
of Mr. Bowker, who acted as presiding of-  
ficer calling, between courses, for speeches  
from various members of the party on the  
general topic of "What do you think of  
the Travel Committee?" The chorus was  
heard from too, a new song being added  
to its repertoire.

A TOAST TO THE TRAVEL COMMITTEE.  
(Tune: "Lord Goffery Amherst was a sol-  
dier of the King.")

Oh, here's to Mr. Faxon and our jolly  
A. L. A.,  
And the travel committee too,  
And here's to Mr. Phelan, who has left us  
by the way,  
And forsaken our merry crew,

And here's to Mr. Brown, who came direct  
from Brooklyn town;

To chaperon the party was his cue.

And here's to Mr. Wellman, who's our  
leader all the way,

And last, but not least, HERE'S TO YOU.

Chorus: A. L. A., A. L. A.,  
'Tis a name that's known  
From sea to sea,  
A. L. A., A. L. A.;  
From the A. L. A. are we.

This testimonial dinner, planned by Mrs. Bowker, was carried out with such secrecy that many besides the members of the Committee were kept in complete ignorance.

From Lake Louise to Banff is but a short train trip of an hour, and at Banff was our last scheduled stop. The day, June 19, broke rainy, but A. L. A. luck was still with us, and shortly after lunch at the Banff Springs Hotel, the sun appeared and with it the surrounding mountain peaks of the Bow River Valley. A swimming pool of hot spring water here, as at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, claimed many of the party, and the others watched the antics of the bathers from settees about the big pool.

All day Sunday, we rested, traveling smoothly across the plains of Saskatchewan. At 8:30 p. m. we reached the United States border, Portal, North Dakota, where customs and emigrant requirements were quickly satisfied and we were rushing on toward Minnesota. Minneapolis and St. Paul library folk, planned, as had our coast friends, to occupy pleasantly every moment of our stay in their cities. We had a long, delightful auto ride, ending with a charming reception and tea at the University Club, St. Paul. Here, her many friends were glad to find pouring tea Mrs. McCaine, former librarian of St. Paul. She

had during her long term of office been a frequent attendant at American Library Association conventions and we were glad to see her again, looking so well after a winter's illness.

Next morning at Chicago, in the Northwestern station the party breakfasted together, and the A. L. A. songs were sung for the last time, as here our party was sadly diminished, only twenty-eight planning to continue East together. It had been one of the most congenial crowds ever brought together and, after a month's travel, it was like parting from old friends.

On June 23, twenty reached New York, and but ten remained to take the Fall River boat for Boston. That evening a farewell dinner was held on board the "Commonwealth," with place-cards and souvenirs for each of the survivors. Our last coupon was gone, home duties were before us, one of the most wonderful of all the many American Library Association trips was but a vivid memory. Perhaps under the circumstances conversation lagged somewhat.

At breakfast time we safely reached Boston, after an absence of thirty-one days, in which we had traveled nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-six miles by rail and steamer, and about three hundred ninety-five miles by automobile, and all without harm coming to any one of the one hundred seventy who participated in the journey.

'Twas a long way to California,

In the cool days of May,

But 'twas worth all it cost to go there

Just to see the A. L. A.

Mr. Wellman was our leader,

When he called us we were THERE.

But now we've been to California,

We're going EVERYWHERE.

F. W. FAXON.